THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE R. DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
ROBERT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1650.

Original Poetry.

VOICE OF THE BRIDE.

[Suggested by the "Voice of the Bridegroom," in a late number of the Post.]

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I come! I come!
I come! I come!
I come to thee!
I'm pure lamp of love, thy home to brighten—
I'm spotless, and its woe to lighten—
I come to thee!

To make thy home!
God has given this heart no earthly bliss,
Its kind lattice no dearer hope than this—
To be thy home!

To lay in thine
Hand, and twine round thy light heart
Life and love and being, we're to part—
Then, only thine!

Forever thine!
Forever fate thy noble heart bestow,
Through rain and flood all darkness at thy side;
Forever thine!

To kneel with thee
And our daughters altar more and even,
Living with faith and love and thoughts of heaven;
To kneel with thee!

And when we bow
The full worship of the Holy Lord,
Then I'll sing to thine my heart and hand.
As I do now!

C. V. S.

Somerville, Ala.

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AMERSON BENNETT,
Author of "Ythia," "The Planter's Flower," "Rosalie De Pore," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ATTACK AND RESCUE.

Soon heard the shrieks of women, the shouts of men, and the report of fire-arms, all rolled into a mysterious din: and my heart bounded between fear and hope—fear, that some new misfortune attention could advise experience. Whether was attacked, was beyond conjecture; but it was a natural one: and how I chafed at the thought, that I could make one of their party, and strike a blow against my enemies for the freedom of her I loved!

For perhaps a quarter of an hour, the sounds of fierce and sanguinary strife continued; and then, all was silence, except the occasional report of fire-arms, resounded from every quarter of the stronghold of the freebooters. At length, I heard the heavy tramp of horses in the away, and soon after comparative quiet was restored. I then knew that victory, in which party had triumphed. But I was doomed to be long kept in suspense; for the heard hastily approaching the door above and a voice, which with joy inexpressible I recognized, exclaimed:

"Is it here, villain?"

"Here was a reply; and the next moment the door was thrown open, and I beheld Rovan, the pirate, with a torch in his hand, bending forward, and endeavoring to peer down into the gulf of which enveloped me.

"Harry!" he cried, in an anxious tone—"are you there?"

"Yes! Morton—yes!" I fairly shrieked, in the excess of joy that almost deprived me of the power of speech—"yes! yes! I am here!" The taken man, under a very disagreeable sensation of suffocation. "The ladder!" I gasped: "the ladder!"

The ladder was instantly lowered: and grasping the lower round, I heaved heavily against it for a few moments, but overcome with joy and exhaustion, I was forced to relinquish it. Rovan, I placed my foot upon the lower round, at the next thing I remember I was locked in his embrace, and he was bearing me up the hill. Having thus given vent to emotions which were too strong for utterance, he set me down, and, looking eagerly into my face, exclaimed:

"Harry! Harry! tell me she is safe!"

"Heavens!" he replied, with a start: "I have not seen her! Where is she?" the deep voice of my father, at some distance, in the rear of Wardwell's men was standing.

"Where is she?" he cried: "what news of her?"

"My child! my daughter!" returned the Colonel; and the next moment they were locked in each other's embrace.

Walker's turn came next; and as he pressed his lips to his sister's, tears of joy dimmed the eyes of both. Then I summoned all my fortitude.

"Ah! Colonel Moreland, glad to see you unhurt," said Walker, offering his hand, for the two had met before.

"Captain Walker," responded the Colonel, seizing the gentleman's hand and shaking it warmly—"I am not a man of many words—but depend upon it I will not forget what you have done for me and mine. You have made rough work here, I see, and you have exterminated the nest, I should judge."

"Some have escaped," answered the Captain, quickly; "but I think they will remember us for a while."

"Have you lost any of your brave fellows?" inquired the Colonel, with a look that implied the use of humane men who now came up) how many he was losing.

"Only I be seven vacant saddles, Captain," he said.

"Are the bodies found?"

"Four of them."

"How many wounded?"

"Some eight or ten, I think."

"We must bury the dead, and then depart." It was a picturesque, but gloomy scene, as by the light of the burning ranche, the Rangers made a hasty burial of their fallen comrades. The dead were thrown promiscuously into graves, belonging to the freebooters, who were at hand, and placing on a fortress rate. Several of the men, who had been engaged in plundering the barracks, came running out at the cry of the dead, and seeing the state of affairs, instantly set to work to liberate and secure the animals. The latter, too, whom I had regarded as lost, were soon collected together in one small room, half frightened out of their senses—now came pouring in the court, filling the air with shrieks of terror. A single glance showed me that Clara was not among them; and bidding Walker fly to her father, while I made search for her myself, I darted into the main dwelling. At the very threshold I stumbled over the dead body of a Mexican; and by the light of the torch which Harley bore in after me, I saw several others strewed about, walking in their blood, all apparently dead, and some of them horribly mutilated.

"The Rangers gave no quarter," observed Harley.

"Are any friends the Texas Rangers, of whom Walker spoke?" inquired I.

"Yes! and commanded by that dare-devil Walker, whose very appellation is a word of terror to his enemies."

I was too anxious concerning Clara to put further questions at that moment, and I instantly shouted her name.

"Who calls?" answered a faint voice above me.

"Ha! she lives!" cried I, in ecstacy; and looking up, I perceived a trap door in the ceiling, but no means of reaching it.

The trap door was not at once. This had been her place of confinement; and by removing the ladder, Warncliff had both secured her against escape and intrusion. For this ladder I now looked eagerly, but could not find it.

"Here! take the torch," cried Harley, "and those weapons, and remain here till I fetch the ladder from your dungeon."

He was absent but a brief time: during which I learned from Clara that she was so secured by cords as not to be able to make herself visible to me.

On the ladder being placed against the wall, I mounted in haste, torch in hand, and soon the ruddy gleams fell upon the object of my search. She was standing in the middle of the apartment, nearly stricken—her ravage contour having been exchanged for one of a more civilized appearance—and as I rushed up to her, she sunk into my arms, with a cry of joy, and fainted. She was still as lovely as ever, but I could perceive the traces where fear and long anxiety had made upon her pale features. A strong cord was around her waist, with the other end made fast to a ring in the floor, by which she had been confined to a circuit of so many feet. To cut this was the work of an instant; and lifting her gently, I bore her to the top of the ladder, where Harley took her, and carefully let lower her to the ground.

There was now a scene of wild confusion in the open court—men, women and horses all seemingly mixed up together—while from the low structures, wherein the attack had been issued, burst loud, lurid sheets of flame. I was not a glance that, with the tenderness the new had, it would be impossible to save any of the buildings, and consequently that there could be no place of safety within the walls of the ranche. My first care, therefore, was to beat the senseless Clara through the great gate, which stood wide open in the rear of the building we were in. Harley accompanied me with his torch; and I was well be did it, for my half-Indian costume, unshaved, begrimed, woolen-haired face, and sparkling eyes, presented a terrible sight to the Rangers, who were hurrying out and in, to reinstate me for a Mexican; and more than once, but for the timely interposition of my friends, I think they would have done me a serious injury.

Scarcely had I got beyond the walls with my fair burden, when I was startled by the hoarse voice of Walker, who was at the head of some thirty mounted men drawn up in front of the gate, and the level blast of a trumpet rang out above the din.

"What means this?" asked I of Harley, in some alarm.

"The Rangers," he replied—"their leader is making a recall."

"I do not understand you: I took those to be the Rangers we saw inside."

"So they are; but only a part of the whole body. The attack was made by one division, which scaled the wall, and this is the other division, which remained without to cut off the fugitives. They have just returned from pursuit of them."

At this moment a young man, of small stature, came up to, and abruptly demanded:

"What's this?"

"Ha! Captain, glad to see you safe," exclaimed Harley. "This is my friend, and a fair lady we come to liberate. Mr. Walton, Captain Walker."

From having heard much at different times of the redoubtable feats of Walker, whose name was truly a terror to the Indians, I had, as I naturally formed the idea that he was a large, brawny, hairy-hearted, fierce-looking fellow; and consequently, when I beheld Rovan in his surplus, on being introduced to him as unexpectedly, as a small, delicate, slenderly made man, with a smooth, almost boyish face, short brown hair and blue eyes, and nothing about him either savage or terrifying.

He slightly bowed to me, as Harley mentioned my name; and pointing to Clara, where I was supporting her arm, said:

"Is she wounded?"

"No, Captain, only fainted," and as I spoke, Clara drew a long breath and opened her eyes.

"She recovers," he added. "Have, Harrison, (turning to the latter) you better mount your horse, and be quick." And as the one addressed sprang away, he continued to me: "Let the lady mount as soon as she is able, for we must away."

"Away!" I repeated, and my heart sank: "away! where?" I cried.

"Into the Comanche country!" exclaimed I, horror-struck at the idea: "God send they have not perished in the flames!" and I was about to dart into the burning dwelling, from which at that moment some rushing through the gate.

"Father! dear, dear father!" cried Clara.

"My child! my daughter!" returned the Colonel; and the next moment they were locked in each other's embrace.

Walker's turn came next; and as he pressed his lips to his sister's, tears of joy dimmed the eyes of both. Then I summoned all my fortitude.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

As we omit our Prospectus, on account of the crowded state of our columns, we may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design, at or before the expiration of Mr. Bennett's novelet of

CLARA MORELAND,

as circumstances may determine, commencing an original novelet, by Mrs. Lee Hentz, to be called

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS; A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are authorized by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE;

to be published in the course of the Spring and Summer months—including "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

NEW YORK CORRUPTION.

The citizens of New York are greatly excited, owing to facts having come to light which prove almost incontestably the enormous corruption of their city authorities. Two of the Aldermen have been indicted by the Grand Jury, and it is generally believed that the couple indicted are a very fair specimen of the body to which they belong. Singularly enough, the Aldermen alluded to were sitting as Assistant Judges on the bench of the Quarter Sessions, at the very time the presentment of the Grand Jury was made—the New Yorkers having managed to combine legislative and judicial functions in their authorities, in a manner peculiarly unwise and mischievous. There is little doubt that the Aldermen have been in the habit of selling their votes, and using their public opportunities for private peculation, to an enormous extent. We read of $1,700 being paid for an Alderman's vote on a certain occasion; while a piece of city property was sold to one person for $160,000 for which another had offered $300,000.—One of the Aldermen charged, is accused of having taken $500, to prevent any interference with certain existing privileges enjoyed by the donor. The other, of taking $500 for furthering favorable action upon another grant in the Board of Assistants: and of taking $200 for suppressing a resolution of the Board of Supervisors, to reduce the fees of the Coroner.—$1,000 was offered to another Alderman for a grant, but he refused to act for less than $2,000, as he would have to divide, and there would be nothing left for himself. $500 was paid to one of the Aldermen indicted, for a favorable report; and $3,000 was demanded for effecting the grant, but the amount was refused. The Grand Jury say:

"From the testimony already before us, we are satisfied that enormous amounts of money have been paid for obtaining grants for various railroads in the city. But in consequence of important witnesses absenting themselves from the city and beyond the jurisdiction of the Court, we have been unable to complete the investigation."

As a consequence, probably, of the above system of corruption, we find that the taxes of New York City are "*only a trifle less than the aggregate annual expenditure for the ordinary support of the government of the whole thirty-one States.*" And that "if the tax which will be assessed upon the property of the city of New York this present year, were levied upon the property of the United Kingdom, *it would pay the British National Debt within twenty years.*"

But this corruption in New York has an interest for the country, beyond that which at first view our readers will be apt to feel in it. It is strong circumstantial evidence to prove that the Legislature of the *Nation* is also more or less corrupt. Within a few years past, immense sums have been voted by Congress to schemes in which New York capitalists are interested, and the charge of bribery has become a common one on the lips of the Washington letter-writers. But the people, it is evident, have never looked upon these charges as containing the simple and sober truth—they have thought them the effusions of mere disappointment and malice. But now that we find that the capitalists of New York are in the constant habit of buying their city legislators, we see no reason why they should not attempt to buy the legislators of the nation; and we have a right to infer, from suspicious circumstances which occasionally come to light, that they often succeed in so doing. For instance, in one of the closing sessions of the recent Congress, Mr. Stevens, of this State, said:—

This was not the time to embark in measures of this kind, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars. He believed agents were now hovering round here who were to get thousands of dollars should the amendment pass. *An honorable gentleman from New York, not here now, had informed him that he was offered $10,000 if he would withdraw his opposition to a certain measure.*

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

EFFECT OF THE INCREASE OF GOLD.

[illegible]

...yearning for sympathy, is at his wits' end when he does not meet the welcome of these, his only true friends.

"My cat and dog, when I come home,
Run out to welcome me—
She mewing, with her tail on end,
While wagging his comes he.
They listen for my homeward steps,
My smothered sob they hear,
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
Because my home is near.
My heart grows faint when home I come—
May God the thought forgive!
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

"Why come they not? They do not come
My breaking heart to meet!
A heavier darkness on me falls—
I cannot lift my feet.
Oh yes, they come!—they never fail
To listen for my sighs;
My poor heart brightens when it meets
The sunshine of their eyes.
Again they come to meet me—God!
Wilt Thou the thought forgive?
If 'twere not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

"The people's poet, we say, feels this without understanding it; for he attributes the want of sympathy to the want of knowledge—to the want of a power of response, on the part of the family, to the new ideas that are gushing up in the mind of the intelligent workman. Alas, Ebenezer! there is something in a case like this even better than knowledge. The most ignorant of all possible wives may do more, by a single look, to sustain and advance her husband, than the more acutely argumentative of all she-philosophers.

"The French, as a nation, make a similar mistake. They are not so domestic as the English, and care less about that external comfort which commonly bounds the duties and ambition of an English wife. They run less risk, therefore, of taking the show for the substance, and see clearly enough that there ought to be some electrical rapport between the husband and his harem. The desideratum they consider to be a sympathy *of taste*. The wife, they say, should comprehend and feel interested in her husband's pursuits; she should be able to talk to him intelligently of what has occupied him through the day—to plunge with him into business, or politics, or literature—and to advise with him on the circumstances of his position. What is this but repeating the lessons that have wearied him, the annoyances that have worried him, the labors that have sent him home jaded and spiritless, or dissatisfied and irritable? Nature herself shows the impropriety of this arrangement; for in nine cases out of ten, when men and women are left to their own choice in marriage, they are attracted by antagonism rather than homogeneousness, in at least the external points of the character, and even in personal appearance.

"A similarity of taste is, doubtless, desirable, if, on one side, unobtrusive or undemonstrative; but what is really wanted is sympathy with the man—consideration for the Atlas who carries the household on his shoulders. We readily pardon the fretfulness of the sick; we consent without hesitation to tread lightly by the couch of pain; but who can tell what sickness of the heart, what torture of the head, may

[illegible]

BECAUSE you flourish in worldly affairs,
Do not be haughty, and put on airs
With insolent pride of station!
Do not be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people, in plainer clothes;
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes,
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it goes,
Is subject to irritation.—*J. G. Saxe.*

☞ Taking Third Street, Philadelphia, from the lower end, southward, to the Germantown road, and then up said road to the top of Chesnut Hill, is said to give one continuous line of pavements twelve miles long—the longest in the world. It is not all paved yet, however.

☞ The report that the steamship Columbus had put into Acapulco, leaking badly, and that forty of the passengers had died from fever is confirmed.

☞ Define Terms before you begin discussion. Doing this thoroughly will often end the controversy before it has begun.

General News.

FROM EUROPE.—Mr. Cobden called the attention of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to a letter in the London Times, written by the Earl of Mount Edgecombe, who says he has private information, of an undoubted character, that the naval armaments of France are to be eventually employed in a descent upon England.

Lord John Russell replied, by doubting Lord Mount Edgecombe's information, and declared that the relations existing between the two Governments were of the most friendly character, and therefore the Government had not thought it necessary to remonstrate with France upon the subject of her naval preparations.

The weather has been very cold in England, with snow and frosts.

The Board of Trade Returns show a surplus of exports over the preceding year, of nearly £3,000,000. Metals alone show an increase of over a million, and in cotton manufactures £150,000.

Accounts from Milan represent the recent outbreak there as a small affair. The ringleaders had been hanged. The Austrian Government has placed a military cordon on the frontier of Switzerland, and martial law of the most rigorous nature has been enforced at Milan.

Marshal Radetsky states in his proclamation that 51 soldiers were killed and wounded in the Emeute at Milan, on the night of the 6th ult. No disturbances of consequence had occurred at any other point in Italy.

A letter from Milan states that the arrests have amounted to about eighty, of which number six were hung and three shot on the 8th.

Milan, at the last accounts was still tranquil, but the theatres and all public assemblages have been prohibited.

[illegible]

CALIFORNIA.—A reliable ... has at length been obtained under the auspices of the ...

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

REMARKS—Business has ... during the past week, partly owing to the weather on Monday and ...

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

INAUGURATION OF FRANKLIN PIERCE, PRESIDENT OF THE U. STATES.

Washington, March 4.

The sun rose upon Inauguration Day in the National Metropolis in a lowering sky, and it soon began to snow briskly; but this did not seem to affect the spirits of the large crowd assembled. The city for days has been filling up, and the trains last evening and this morning brought additional thousands to swell the multitude.

Early in the day, the preparations for the procession were commenced, and the marshalling of military companies, political clubs and civic associations gave an animated appearance to the city. Among the military were many companies from a distance, including the Continental Guards of Brooklyn, the Law Grays of Baltimore, and the Flying Artillery from Fort McHenry.

At ten o'clock, the firing of minute guns was the signal for forming the procession, and it was done after some delay. It formed in front of the City Hall, between eleven and twelve o'clock, and proceeded along Pennsylvania Avenue to the lodgings of the President elect, at Willard's Hotel. The President and President elect being then taken under escort, in a handsome carriage, the line proceeded to the Capitol, as nearly as possible, in the following order:

Order of Procession.

The Judiciary.
The Clergy.
Aide—Marshal-in-Chief—Aide.
The Military, under the command of Col. Hickey.
President of the United States, with President elect, and suite, with citizen-marshals on his left, and the United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and his deputies on his right.
The Committee of Arrangements of the Senate of the United States.
Foreign Ministers.
The Corps Diplomatique.
Members elect, Members and ex-Members of Congress, and ex-Members of the Cabinet.
Governors and ex-Governors of States and Territories, and Members of the Legislatures of the same.
Officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Militia.
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, the War of 1812-'15, and all other Wars.
The Corporate Authorities of Washington and Georgetown.
The Jackson Democratic Association.
Other Political Associations of the District, and from a distance.
All organized Civic Societies.
Professors and Students of Colleges and Schools in the District of Columbia.
Citizens of the District of Columbia, and of States and Territories.

All around Willard's the crowd all the morning was dense, and the whole avenue, too, was filled with people, all hurrying towards the Capitol. The excitement and confusion were great, and these were not lessened by the falling of the snow. The President and President elect rode in a splendid barouche immediately in the rear of the military, with an appropriate escort of marshals on either side. As they passed along the Avenue, the most deafening cheers went up from the crowds, with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, to which the President elect repeatedly bowed.

Towards eleven o'clock, the snow ceased, and the clouds began to break away, giving assurance of good weather, after all, for the ceremonies at the Capitol.

While these proceedings were going on in one part of the city, the Capitol was the great scene of excitement, owing to the endeavors of thousands to get good places to view the Inauguration ceremonies. On the East front, a spacious platform was erected for the accommodation of the officials who were entitled to positions near the President elect, and every available point of the Capitol Square which could afford a good view of this platform was early taken possession of. The Square was kept clear of carriages and horsemen, and the utmost precaution was taken to preserve order.

Whilst waiting for the procession, the Senate Chamber presented the most interesting scene. The doors were opened for the admission of the privileged at 11 o'clock, and the Eastern gallery, allotted to citizens, was speedily filled. Places were reserved for Members and ex-Members of Congress, the Diplomatic Corps, Heads of Departments, Judges and other dignitaries. The circular gallery was reserved for ladies.

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...not, in the future, essential for the preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world. Should they be obtained, it will be through no grasping spirit, but with a view to obvious national interest and security, and in a manner entirely consistent with the strictest observance of national faith. We have nothing in our history or position to invite aggression—we have everything to beckon us to the cultivation of relations of peace and amity with all nations.

Purposes, therefore, at once just and pacific, will be significantly marked in the conduct of our foreign affairs. I intend that my administration shall leave no blot upon our fair record, and trust I may safely give the assurance that no act within the legitimate scope of my constitutional control will be tolerated, on the part of any portion of our citizens, which cannot challenge a ready justification before the tribunal of the civilized world. An administration would be unworthy of confidence at home, or respect abroad, should it cease to be influenced by the conviction, that no apparent advantage can be purchased at a price so dear as that of national wrong or dishonor. It is not your privilege, as a nation, to speak of a distant past. The striking incidents of your history, replete with instruction, and furnishing abundant grounds for hopeful confidence, are comprised in a period comparatively brief. But if your past is limited, your future is boundless. Its obligations throng the unexplored pathway of advancement, and will be limitless as duration. Hence, a sound and comprehensive policy should embrace, not less the distant future than the urgent present.

The great objects of our pursuit, as a people, are best to be attained by peace, and are entirely consistent with the tranquillity and interests of the rest of mankind. With the neighboring nations upon our continent, we should cultivate kindly and fraternal relations. We can desire nothing in regard to them so much, as to see them consolidate their strength, and pursue the paths of prosperity and happiness. If in the course of their growth, we should open new channels of trade, and create additional facilities for friendly intercourse, the benefits realized will be equal and mutual. Of the complicated European systems of national policy we have heretofore been independent. From their wars, their tumults and anxieties, we have been happily, almost entirely exempt. Whilst these are confined to the nations which gave them existence, and within their legitimate jurisdiction, they cannot affect us, except as they appeal to our sympathies in the cause of human freedom and universal advancement. But the vast interests of commerce are common to all mankind, and the advantages of trade and international intercourse must always present a noble field for the moral influence of a great people.

With these views firmly and honestly carried out, we have a right to expect, and shall, under all circumstances require, prompt reciprocity. The rights which belong to us as a nation, are not alone to be regarded, but those which pertain to every citizen in his individual capacity, at home and abroad, must be sacredly maintained. So long as he can discern every star in its place upon that ensign without wealth to purchase for him preferment, or title to secure for him place, it will be his privilege, and must be his acknowledged right, to stand unabashed even in the presence of princes, with a proud consciousness that he is himself one of a nation of sovereigns, and that he cannot, in legitimate pursuit, wander so far from home, that the agent, whom he shall leave behind in the place which I now occupy, will not see that no rude hand of power or tyrannical passion is laid upon him with impunity. He must realize, that upon every sea, and on every soil, where our enterprise may rightfully seek the protection of our flag, American citizenship is an inviolable panoply for the security of American rights. And in this connexion, it can hardly be necessary to reaffirm a principle which should now be regarded as fundamental. The rights, security, and repose of this Confederacy reject the idea of interference or colonization, on this side of the ocean, by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible.

The opportunities of observation, furnished by my brief experience as a soldier, confirmed in my own mind the opinion, entertained and acted upon by others from the formation of the government, that the maintenance of large standing armies in our country would not only be dangerous, but unnecessary. They also illustrated the importance, I might well say the absolute necessity, of the military science and practical skill furnished, in such an eminent degree by...

[illegible]

...southern tour; meanwhile he is staying at Willard's hotel.

The President elect stood erect in the carriage with President Fillmore by his side... He bowed gracefully to... and waving of handkerchiefs fr...

The Foreign Ministers made... riding in their splendid carri... Court dress.

The procession commenced p... Hotel at twenty minutes befo... and the end passed at 1 o'clock... mile long.

General News.

News Items.—M. Cabit... Nauvoo, recently celebrated... Its nett profits for the last ye... sand dollars.

Mrs. Tyler's letter to the ... erland, the London Time... "screechy," "shrill," and ... Also, "fierce," "indiscrimi... crously portentous."

The Marion (S. C.) Com... 8th ult., says that Dr. S. Ba... place, extracted 300 teeth in ... J. Churry, a wealthy plante... desiring to have a large n... teeth extracted from his sla... employ a dentist for that pu... and made an engagement w... result was, that in the cour... slaves were relieved of three ... pain and sorrow.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

The Cabinet.—The new Cabinet is composed as follows. It was confirmed by the Senate on Monday.

Secretary of State—W. L. Marcy.
Secretary of Treasury—James Guthrie.
Secretary of Interior—Robert McClelland.
Secretary of War—Jefferson Davis.
Secretary of the Navy—James C. Dobbin.
Postmaster-General—James Campbell.
Attorney-General—Caleb Cushing.

Massachusetts.—The bill repealing the Secret Ballot Law has passed both Houses.

The Kosciusko Case.—In the Supreme Court, on the 28th, Judge Wayne decided the celebrated Kosciusko property case in favor of the heirs.

Illinois.—A Western paper says the "negro bill" was passed by both branches of the Illinois Legislature before the adjournment, and has become a law. The Act prohibits the entrance of colored freemen into the State, under the penalty of being sold into slavery, and authorizes the admission of slaves, if brought in or sent by their masters.

Pennsylvania.—The State Democratic Convention nominated Thomas Forsyth for Canal Commissioner; and re-nominated Hon. Ephraim Banks for Auditor-General, and Hon. J. Porter Brawley for Surveyor-General. The Convention passed resolutions endorsing the Baltimore Platform, and the course of Senator Brodhead, and then adjourned.

Expected Debate in the Senate.—A protracted debate in open session of the Senate, is anticipated. It is understood that Mr. Clayton will take the earliest opportunity to vindicate his course in regard to the Clayton and Bulwer treaty. A thorough discussion on other international questions is also looked for.

Snow a Hundred Feet Deep.—The St. Louis Intelligencer publishes a letter from an overland emigrant to California, which gives a fearful...

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

PATENT LIME SPREADER.

BUILDING HARDWARE.

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO., HARDWARE JOBBERS.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY,

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON.

IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE!

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE!

CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,

INFORMATION WANTED

FITS! FITS! FITS! THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS,

CURING EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL For the rapid Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!! ATTENTION!!!

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Selected Poetry.

THE SWING:
A LOVER'S DIALOGUE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Lady.

"I love my Love in the days of Spring,
With her Tyrian mantle flowing,
When the sunny Rain, laughing and singing all the day,
Wakes the violet, the rose, and the meadow stream,
The evening thoughts are bright as dreams,
My love on the blossom, we both in the sky,
Is happier than my love and I."

Lady.

"I love to swing in the garden-bower,
Under the branches all alone!
The blood pour upwards, full of fervour,
Till I am weary of the heaven—
Sunshine, bubbles; gay pass gone;
Can you not leave me in peace?"
I want to swing and not to woo,
I've had me rest since last bethrothed,
I've been a listener to you.

Wooer.

"I'll love my Love in a thinner time,
Our years shall open to their prime;
We'll sit in the shade a little more,
Spanish the nineteen at our door;
We'll watch with joy our children run,
We'll give the World our fullness!
No bird is in nest on the tree-tops high
That he more bliss than my Love and I."

Lady.

"To-day we'll woo. To-day we—doubt—
Let go the tether—pick up your—
You're in the way—stand further out—
You'll make me mad, you awkward lout!
And so you call each fancy "Love"
You cannot help it?—Love, indeed!
I'll woo 'I'll never praise it more;
I'll put on some peace love and true
For condescending to be four!

Wooer.

"I'll love my Love in Autumn even,
We'll gather in our barley sheaves,
We'll reap our ears, we'll n ne our vine,
We'll hear on the hills our lowing kine,
We'll shut our peaches from the wall,
We'll give our Canada a harvest
There is no joy the world can buy
That we shall not share,—my love and I."

Lady.

Ah, well! I think I'll be resigned:
But, prithee, let me swing in peace—
I cannot bear the whispering wind,
Which murmurs in the branch blind,
You make such prattle,—will you cease?
I'm tired of your reasons love and true
If thou our sixteen of his must 8 w.
I'll bear no enimity no I see
The love you've threatened in future

Wooer.

"I'll love my Love in the Winter cold,
We shall our tale of life be told:
We'll sit together by the hen-h
Spectators of a younger pair
And as the children come and go,
We'll watch in their faces their face grow
Till we in their love; and loving die.
And still love on, my Love and I."

Lady.

There—take my hand—put on my gloves—
And help me gently from the swing,
Not that I wearied—and no for love.
I swear by all you clouds above,
I cannot trust to such a thing,
And yet—to pleasant is better
That same one lover so—not in vain—
So, sweetheart, when you swing me next,
I'd like to hear that song again.

Selected Sketch.

THE
LAST DAYS AT MOUNT VERNON.

From the Castle Rendlemonar and Prince Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.

The year 1799 was in its last month. Washington had nearly completed his sixty-eighth year; the century was fast drawing to a close, and with it this great man's life. Yet the "winter" of his age had dealt so leniently with him as to incline without inspiring his fearless, both physical and mental, and to give fair promise of additional length of day.

Nor was Washington's vitality manifold of the sure progress of time, and of his habitual of the day at any moment to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." He had for years kept a will by him, and other matters reflection had as the pound of his large property as to be satisfactory to himself and to the many to whom he was dear, both and happy as to share in his testamentary remembrance.

The last days, like those that preceded them in the course of a long and a well-spent life, were devoted to business and such of enjoyment. After the active cares of the morning to attention to agriculture and rural affairs, in the evening came the post bag, loaded with letters, papers, and pamphlets. His correspondence both at home and abroad was immense; yet was it promptly and fairly replied to. No letter was unanswered. One of the best bred men of his time, Washington deemed it a grave offense against the rules of good manners and propriety to leave letters unanswered. He wrote with great facility, and it would be difficult to name to find another, who had written so much, who has written so well. His epistolary writings will descend to posterity as models of good taste, as well as developing superior powers of mind. Genteel Life unto engrossed in the child. "We are amazed, sir, at the vast amount of work that you accomplish." Washington replied, "Sir, I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done while others are asleep."

So punctual a man delighted in always having dinner him a good timekeeper. In Philadelphia the dra. President regularly walked up to his watchmaker's (Clarke, in Second Street,) to compare his watch with the public clock. Old Nomi Vernon the active, yet always punctual farmer familiarly connected the clock when returning from his morning ride and before entering his house.

The affairs of the household took order from the master's accurate and methodical arrangement of time. From the flageolet on the river watched for the cook's signal when to pull in shore, so as to deliver his scaly products in time for dinner.

The establishment of Mount Vernon employed a person of many of servants—a number, in each she was assigned certain special duties, and these were required to be strictly performed. Upon the extensive farms was a large force of laborers, without severity. There could be no confusion where all was order; and the absence of noise, concern, embracing thousands of acres and hundreds of dependants, were conducted with as much ease, method, and regularity as the affairs of an ordinary household.

Mrs. Washington, an accomplished Virginia housewife of the old time, gave her personal attention to all matters of her domestic household, and from 6 till mid-night was usually personally constituted to the comfortable reception and entertainment of the crowds of guests always to be found in the hospitable mansion of the Mount Vernon.

Investing your and clean in his person, with clothes of the old-fashioned cut, but made of the best materials, Washington required his waiting upon that no man of his age and condition in the world. A single body-servant attended in the room to brush his clothes, comb and tie his hair, (become very thin in his last days, worn in the old-fashioned queue and rarely with powder,) and to arrange the suit to be worn his toilet. This toilet he usually finished, in the simplest and most natural manner, giving the least possible amount of his precious time to any thing relative to his person. When rising at four o'clock he lighted his own fire, made up his fire, and went diligently to work, without awakening the slumbers of his numerous household.

In the last days of Mount Vernon, denizens of rolling pleasantly, the General generally from the North two horses of the Narragansett breed, celebrated as saddle horses. They were said to look at, and were pleasant and easy saddlers, and safe, but were stary, and therefore unfitted for the service of a soldier. Mounted in rude guard or his farm, economically dismounting and walking in his fields to inspect his improvements. From one of these horses the General sustained a heavy fall, probably the only fall he ever had from a horse in his life. It was in November, late in the evening. The General, accompanied by Major Lewis, Mr. Fraser, a gentleman residing in the neighborhood, the Author of the Recollections, and a groom, were returning from a plantation to Mount Vernon. Having halted for a few moments, the General dismounted, and upon doing so his stirrup sagging, the Foreigner, discussed at the glass from a fire near the road-side, sprang from under his rider, who came heavily to the ground. Our saddles were empty in an instant, and we rushed up to give our assistance, fearing he was hurt; it was unnecessary. The vigorous old man was upon his feet again, brushing the dust from his clothes, and, after thanking us for our prompt assistance, observed that he was not hurt, that he had had a very complete mumble, and that it was owing to a spavin that, as horseman could well avoid or control; that he was only pained in his stirrup, and had not yet gotten all his saddle when the horse started suddenly under him. Mounted all of our horses but the one got off in full speed. It was night, and over four miles was to be ours ere we could reach our destination. The Chief observed that, in our horses had disappeared, it only remained for us to take it on foot, and with manly strides led the way. We had proceeded but a short distance when our march, as discounted carolines, when our horses here in sight. Happily for us the owner of the property of Mr. Fraser, whose saddles was lend by, in returning home from their labor, accompanied by their young friends, supplied us with horses, and brought them to us. Warmen speedily remounted, and soon the lights at Mount Vernon were seen glimmering in the distance.

Upon Washington's first retirement in 1788, he became convinced of the defective nature of the working implements employed in the agriculture of the Southern States, and set about remedying the evil by the introduction of improved instruments of horses, the tools being found to live longer, be less liable to diseases, require less food, and to enjoy respect to be more serviceable and economical than the horse in the agricultural labor of the Southern States. Up to 1785 scarcely any tedder were ill be found in the American Confederation: a few had been imported from the West Indies, but they were of diminutive size and of little value. So soon as the views on this subject of the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon were known abroad, he received a present from the King of Spain of a jack and two jennies, selected from the royal stud at Madrid. The jack, called the Royal Gift, was sixteen hands high, of a gray color, beautifully made, and of a sizeable disposition. At the same time the Marquis de Lafayette sent out a fine mule to the President of Malta: this jack, called the Knight of Malta, was a superb animal, black color, with the form of a stag and the ferocity of a tiger. Washington avoided himself of the best qualities of the two jacks, and bred mules of both breeds, and hence obtained a favorite jack, called Compound, which outstripped the size and strength of the Gift with the high courage and activity of the Knight. The jacks arrived at Mount Vernon, if we mistake not, early in the year. The General was, consequently, in the habit of receiving from his friends very superior mules from his each mares, sending them from Philadelphia for the purpose. In a few years the estate of Mount Vernon became stocked with mules of a superior order, uniting the height of carriage, bone, and of great power and usefulness, one wagon team of four mules setting at the rain of the General's effects for eight hundred dollars.

In no portion of Washington's various labors had improvement in agriculture so large as he industriously entitled to be hailed as a public benefactor as in the introduction of mules in farming labor, these animals being at this time almost exclusively used for farming purposes in the Southern States.

The General of th Armies of the United States was much skilled in the discharge of the duties of Commander-in-Chief. Col. Lear, his Military Secretary. After the organization of the army in the spring of 1798, Washington executed the details of the service more especially to the known ability and long-tried experience of Major General Hamilton and Pinckney; still reports were made to and orders issued from head-quarters, Mount Vernon. The last army of the Chief was composed of militia: materials of the very first order. All of the General officers appointed by Congress, were composed of revolutionary, including the illustrious names of Hamilton, Pinckney, and Wilkinson. Washington while in the provisional army of reserve, were Howard, Harry Lee, and others, the history of whose martial regard is to be found on the brightest pages of our revolutionary annals: so that, had the threatened invasion occurred, we may venture to say that the elite of Europe would have encountered in battle array an army not very worthy of their exerts, and prepared to uphold and perpetuate the heroic fame of America's old battle day.

It pleased Providence to grant the beloved Washington to live to witness the fruition of his mighty labors in the cause of his country and mankind, while his energies in the calm and honored pursuits of agriculture and rural office were exerted to the last. Of Gen. the not to see, I do not choose to say anything on the subject, but rather think that the Almighty decreed a capital blunder or something else somewhere. The truth, it is to be hoped, will come out either to long an interval or too soon.

If it had not been for the long passage of the French fleet, which prevented their arrival till after the evacuation of Charleston, and the total overthrow of the water at the entrance of the harbor of New York, which prevented their getting in there, one of the greatest strokes might have been aimed that ever was, and if successful, which I think would have proved decisive of the war. Certainly, if the cruin of Great Britain must have followed, as both army and fleet must inevitably have fallen.

Count d'Estaln, with his squadron, are now with us, and are well. His squadron have detachs of troops, and hope soon to hear of some favorable adventure there, as an attempt will be made upon the city of Savannah at that place.

After the battle of Monmouth I marched for that place, expect to have strong reinforcements there shortly.

Upon the last and most unequivocal evidence the case is susceptible of that I have no other object in view by extending my career and advice to put them what will redound to your future respectability, honor, and future happiness, than to be the first to point out to you the means to expect a ready submission to my counsels, and what I hear that you are diligent to prepare for the field of action and the exercises, although it will afford me infinite gratification.

Your last letter, replete with canvasses of the nature, I place entire confidence in, they have completely allayed the doubts which had not lent to you, and, let me repeat it again, you conveyed very pleasing sensations to my mind.

It was not my wish to check your correspondence—every line from Mr. Lear, or his colleagues, and most surely can be more desirable's than the former and Mr. Lear—and from your colleagues, it will give you a habit of expressing your ideas upon all occasions with facility and correctness.

I need no more by telling you we should be happy to receive a visit from you: you know that these correspondences were not to be considered as an introduction or an imposition, to make something with your mother or concerns of a more important nature. So far am I from disapproving striking of any kind, that I accord in a book of the occurrences which happen in your post, or within your knowledge, as this may appear at first view, it may become an introduction to more interesting matters. At present I am not disposed to attempt it, but I am willing to give you more satisfaction in a retrospective than what you have yet received.

Another thing I would recommend to you—not that I want to have you spend your money—and that is, to have a book in which to set down events every birthing of your people and circumstances, the doing of which will initiate you into a habit from which you will derive advantages untold result. Where to account of this sort is kept there can be no investigation, no correction of errors, no discovery, from a concurrence theorie, where too much or too little has been appropriated to particular uses. From an early attention to these matters important and lasting benefits may follow.

We are all well, and all unite in best wishes for you, and with sincere affection. I am always yours,

G. WASHINGTON.

Mr. G. Washington P. Custis.

Wit and Humor.

Real Water Reserve.—We have heard a great deal about White Slavery, but the real White Slavery of the present day is that of the housekeepers of England. The, we, though nominally mistresses, are in fact the slaves of those who, under the name of domestics, bring a despotism tyranny over them. The "Servant's Question" is one that will, we daily fear, be with well-deserved victims, treated by their courtesy "addresses," who are waiting to be answered by the mistress of Mr. Thomas, when notice was lend by, in returning home from their labor, accompanied by their young friends, supplied us with horses, and brought them to us. Warmen speedily remounted, and soon the lights at Mount Vernon were seen glimmering in the distance.

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Another thing I would recommend to you—not that I want to have you spend your money—and that is, to have a book in which to set down events every birthing of your people and circumstances, the doing of which will initiate you into a habit from which you will derive advantages untold result. Where to account of this sort is kept there can be no investigation, no correction of errors, no discovery, from a concurrence theorie, where too much or too little has been appropriated to particular uses. From an early attention to these matters important and lasting benefits may follow.

We are all well, and all unite in best wishes for you, and with sincere affection. I am always yours,

G. WASHINGTON.

Mr. G. Washington P. Custis.

Western Scenes.

Disappointed Highway Rogers.—"You don't suppose I'm a-going to take 'Wild Cat' money, do you?"—*Lantern.*

Selected Articles.

CURIOSITIES OF PROVERBS.

FROM TRESCH'S "LEISURES IN PROVERBS."

The Charms of Incest.—I will only offer to trace before you the generation of a single proverb—that of "Like master, like man." The learned scholar—*The woman of Hyena*—and a proverb in the book of Job was a source of wonder to me, or to drop a moral interest, is attached, that I shall not hesitate to repeat it, even at the risk of being considered a simpleton. The book of Job is one of the classical stories of some here, High Chemist, and the author of that's great grease put, that's equally objectionable. I go nowhere, for I know my passions and my proclivities. So I must have my passions and my proclivities. So I must have my passions and my proclivities.—*London Punch.*

A Bachelor's Soliloquy.—A very worthy single gentleman, who had quietly and snugly ensconced himself in one corner of life had to bear a popular lecture, was forced to vacate his seat in consequence of the rush of ladies. On reaching his lodgings, he is said to have delivered himself in this wise: "I have in grace of the Lord Chamberlain's house boots of mine from? They are on hand in every emergency: and as for my servants—so sleepy. They have a hand in everything, and are in every place. No matter what may be the occasion, the women are sure to wonder. Go into our places of amusement, and there you see them as thick as bees in August. Look into our churches, and three-quarters of the congregation are women. Go to a public oration, or a charity lecture, or an abolition meeting, or a temperance, or a society of spirit mediums, or a lyceum address—any thing where they can congregate—and on a fair average, three quarters of the people present will be females. Where do they all come from? They are on hand in every emergency: and as for numbers, so sleepy. They have a hand in everything, and are in every place. No matter what may be the occasion, the women are sure to wonder. Go into our places of amusement, and there you see them as thick as bees in August. Look into our churches, and three-quarters of the congregation are women. Go to a public oration, or a charity lecture, or an abolition meeting, or a temperance, or a society of spirit mediums, or a lyceum address—any thing where they can congregate—and on a fair average, three quarters of the people present will be females. Where do they all come from? Go where you will, the women rush in tremendous abundance: absolutely irresistible. Why, look into fashion: and, in the case cases out of ten, there may be seen six or eight women to one man that is to be met with. Hospitals—from the most superintending visits up to the great Ultima Thule of modern fashionable life—the Boston Almack's—and the last the same. Women everywhere prepondernate. They are in a majority; and it is every day becoming more and more overwhelming. In it constitutes, unquestionably. In Tropolitan Society, the preponderance of the female sex is the help for it: not a peg to hang a hope upon. As it is as here, it will be hereafter. It will be of an Earth," and, in the course of time *dempsity, "It will be so on Heaven."*

A Tutor's Idea of Nearly Celibacy.—The affections of bereaved women were proverbial. No one would imagine suggestive of mirth, and yet they have often furnished their quota of such subjects. Who has not heard of the widow and the French fleet at the Hook. The first, I think, might have been a sailor-man; if I mistake not Hardy will in the morning; but as the Custom-Martial, which has been sitting upwards of a single. A word say: I am not sure, but I am over, I do not choose to say anything on the subject, rather think that the Almighty decreed a capital blunder or something else somewhere. The truth, it is to be hoped, will come out either to long an interval or too soon.

If it had not been for the long passage of the French fleet, which prevented their arrival till after the evacuation of Charleston, and the total overthrow of the water at the entrance of the harbor of New York, which prevented their getting in there, one of the greatest strokes might have been aimed that ever was, and if successful, which I think would have proved decisive of the war. Certainly, if the cruin of Great Britain must have followed, as both army and fleet must inevitably have fallen.

Count d'Estaln, with his squadron, are now with us, and are well. His squadron have detachs of troops, and hope soon to hear of some favorable adventure there, as an attempt will be made upon the city of Savannah at that place.

After the battle of Monmouth I marched for that place, expect to have strong reinforcements there shortly.

Upon the last and most unequivocal evidence the case is susceptible of that I have no other object in view by extending my career and advice to put them what will redound to your future respectability, honor, and future happiness, than to be the first to point out to you the means to expect a ready submission to my counsels, and what I hear that you are diligent to prepare for the field of action and the exercises, although it will afford me infinite gratification.

Your last letter, replete with canvasses of the nature, I place entire confidence in, they have completely allayed the doubts which had not lent to you, and, let me repeat it again, you conveyed very pleasing sensations to my mind.

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G. WASHINGTON.

Mr. G. Washington P. Custis.

THE EMIGRANT'S DYING CHILD.

BY MAJ G. W. PATTON, U. S. A.

[The last words of the Emigrant's Child, as uttered on the banks of San Joaquin, near Fort Miller, California, are thus conveyed to the ear of the world through the medium of the Telegraph, which gave rise to the verses we peculiarly touching:—Among the Emigrants who were crossing the rivers rose that they could not be ferried, and that they must camp on the bank during the night, and encamped arrived on the banks of the San Joaquin, which was then swollen to a mighty river, and there in the tent. The mother had been buried on the bank of the San Joaquin, on the banks of the San Joaquin, an infant and its sister, six years of age, were encamping on the opposite bank. The following touching incident occurred:]

Father, how I'm hungered! give me bread;
Wrap me in my mother's shroud,
Cold blows the wind around my head,
And wildly beats the storm
Protects me from the angry sky.

I shrink beneath its wrath,
And dread the lightning's fury.

Which lissom pin our path.

Father, these California skies
You said, were mild and blue and blood—
But where, tonight, my pillow lies
—In the the prairie.

'Tis well my little sister sleeps,
Or else she, too, would grieve—
But only see how still she keeps—
She has not strength to move.

I'll kiss her, and perhaps she'll speak;
She'll kiss me back, I know.
—Oh, father, see! she's dead!
—To cold to every more!
Father, I'm very sad to say,
Yet little June has died!
Oh, promise when you leave me here,
To lay me by her side.

These are the pains the torment cold,
We've come so far to see
And you go back to your fold
—Oh, think of Jane and me.
Ya'as! I'm a-going there—not my head
Upon thy bosom warm—
Mother will soon be dead.

Mother will soon be dead my head,
And wildly beats the storm!

Hand Western San Joaquin, Cal. Jan 1852

N Y. Express.

FRENCH ETIQUETTE.

The following interesting account of social etiquette in France is from a late number of the New York Times. The statements of the writer are correct.

Nearly all the American always express an unmingled surprise at contracting a ball-room and dinner acquaintance. They have left behind. The distinguishing features of difference are the form and manners of the young unmarried ladies. In the United States, they keep themselves aloof. This difference is worth making a note of. Abroad, in France, the Continent, you may give a tone to society, while in America, it is to those ladies whose youth and extent of experience render their conversation and manners anything but instructive or interesting, that the most of the attention and interest is directed. True, you all know what a young lady in a ball-room is at home. Let me say in a few words what she is in a ball-room there.

In the first place, a young unmarried lady is always dressed in white, and almost always in muslin. She cannot wear velvet nor lace, she cannot dress in yellow; she cannot wear jewelry, except ornaments of pearl, coral, or gold. She is restricted to a single flower in her hair, and, second, with a little setting as possible. It is true that she may have allowed to have flounces to her gowns, and to arrange her hair with artificial flowers. The mar wear false pearls, but not real ones; wear necklaces and bracelets of coral, ivory, bronze, small gold, but not diamonds. Moreover, she cannot go to a ball without her mother or an elderly lady to chaperone her: she cannot go alone. She cannot dance with her father or chaperon throughout the evening, except when she dances—and then does not leave the place in the room given the night, and returns to it the moment the dance is over. She cannot promenade with her partner, a privilege to hesitate: a private interview in a corner or behind a curtain would compromise her honor. Her conversation is the subject of American parlor transported into the Faubourg St. Germain—Grace's Providence imagine he was in a ballum broke loose.

This restraint is necessary for many reasons. A gentleman, however, is not to be thought of as considered authorized to ask any lady presented to him, unmarried, to dance. It is understood, however, that he cannot expect to become an acquaintance, or to claim anything further than the dance. Again, if the same facilities were allowed in France for the intercourse of young women as in this country, the more leads to but little disorder and laxity of morals. It is not uncommon for a young man to come to the theatre with young men, go to walk with them, to ride with them, visit the country with them, and even the water than they went, or perhaps only a kiss or two more. This would be almost out of the question here. A young lady seen walking or riding with a gentleman in Paris, would be at once considered to be low in virtue, and probably the suspicion would be correct. If inexperienced young ladies in the world of a greater familiarity between masters and misses, it is because they have been found in America.

American families that live here as residents for years have been obliged to bring in their daughters in the French Fashion. They never leave their mother's side, and walking driving and dancing going with them to an until end of the question as keeping company with the stars.

The young ladies introduced in Paris, sometimes make a very strange appearance without knowing it. I remember to have seen a young lady, a very beautiful young lady walking arm-in-arm with a daring-looking New Yorker, in the Champs Elysees! The lady had been accustomed to do so, I believe, on Fifth-Avenue. I thought it my duty to go straight to the fire and inform her that such a proceeding was not proceeding so insalamnable. The young lady was shocked, but I am afraid not sufficiently enough of French manners to blush scarlet whenever she thinks of the appearance she made on that occasion